ABBA

The Visitors

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All songs written, arranged & produced by
Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus

Engineered by Michael B. Tretow

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(on 'Soldiers' and 'The Visitors' Per Lindvall)
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Bass Rutger Gunnarsson
Electric & Acoustic Guitars Lasse Wellander
Acoustic Guitars Bjorn Ulvaeus
Keyboards & Synthesizers Benny Andersson
Flute & Clarinet 'I Let The Music Speak' Jan Kling
Mandolins 'One Of Us' The Three Boys

Album Design: Rune Soderqvist
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THE VISITORS 5.49
(Crackin' Up)
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

I hear the door-bell ring
and suddenly
the panic takes me
the sound so
ominously tearing
through the silence
I cannot move
I'm standing
numb and frozen
among the things
I love so dearly
the books, the paintings
and the furniture
help me

The signal's sounding
once again and
someone tries the door-knob
none of my friends
would be so stupidly
impatient
and they don't dare
to come here
anymore now
but how I loved our
secret meetings
we talked and talked
in quiet voices
smiling

Now I hear them moving
muffled noices coming
through the door
I feel I'm
crackin' up
voices growing louder
irritation building
and I'm close to fainting
crackin' up
they must know by now
I'm in here trembling
in a terror evergrowing
crackin' up
my whole world is falling
going crazy
there is no escaping now
I'm
crackin' up

These walls have
witnessed all the
anguish of humiliation
and seen the hope
of freedom glow
in shining faces
and now they've
come to take me
come to break me
and yet it isn't
unexpected
I have been waiting
for these visitors
help me

Now I hear them moving...

HEAD OVER HEELS 3.45
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

I have a very good friend
the kind of girl who
likes to follow a trend
she has a personal style
some people like it
others tend
to go wild
you hear her voice
everywhere
taking the chair
she's a leading lady
and with no trace
of hesitation she
keeps going

Head over heels
breaking her way
pushing through unknown
jungels everyday
she's a girl
with a taste for the world
(the world is like a playing-ground
where she goes rushing)
head over heels
setting the pace
running the
gauntlet in a
whirl of lace
she's extreem
if you know
what I mean

Her man is one I admire
he's so courageous
but he's constantly tired
each time when
he speaks his mind
she pats his head
and says:
"that's all very fine
exert that will
of your own
when you're alone
now we'd better hurry"
and with no trace
of hesitation she keeps going

Head over heels...

You hear her
voice everywhere
taking the chair
she's a leading lady
and with no trace
of hesitation she
keeps going

Head over heels...

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE 3.20
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

Here's to us
one more toast
and then we'll
pay the bill
deep inside
both of us
can feel the
autumn chill
birds of passage
you and me
we fly instinctively
when the summer's
over and the dark
clouds hide the sun
neither you nor
I'm to blame
when all is said and done

In our lives
we have walked
some strange
and lonely treks
slightly worn
but dignified
and not too
old for sex
we're still striving
for the sky
no taste for humble pie
thanks for all
your generous love
and thanks for
all the fun
neither you nor
I'm to blame
when all is said and done

It's so strange
when you're down
and lying on the floor
how you rise
shake your head
get up and
ask for more
clear-headed and
open-eyed
with nothing
left untried
standing calmly
at the crossroads
no desire to run
there's no hurry
anymore
when all is said and done

SOLDIERS 4.38
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

Do I hear
what I think
I'm hearing
do I see the signs
I think I see
or is this
just a fantasy
is it true
that the beast
is waking
stirring in his
restless sleep tonight
in the pale moonlight
in the grip
of this cold December
you and I have
reason to remember

Soldiers write the songs
that soldiers sing
the songs that
you and I don't sing
they blow their horns
and march along
they drum their drums
and look so strong
you'd think that
nothing in the
world was wrong
soldiers write the songs
that soldiers sing
the songs that
you and I won't sing
let's not look the other way
taking a chance
cause if the bugler
starts to play
we too must dance

What's that sound
what's that
dreadful rumble
won't somebody
tell me what I hear
in the distance
but drawing near
is it only
a storm approaching
all that thunder
and the blinding light
in the winter night
in the grip
of this cold December
you and I
have reason
to remember

Soldiers write the...

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I LET THE MUSIC SPEAK 5.20
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

I'm hearing images
I'm seeing songs
no poet has ever painted
voices call out to me
straight to my heart
so strange
yet we're so
well acquainted
I let the music speak
with no restrains
I let my feelings
take over
carry my soul away
into the world
where beauty meets
the darkness of the day

Where my mind is
like an open window
where the high and
healing winds blow
from my shallow sleep
the sounds awake me
I let them take me

Let it be a joke
let it be a smile
let it be a farce
if it makes me laugh
for a little while
let it be a tear
let it be a sigh
coming from a heart
speaking to a heart
let it be a cry

Some streets
are emptiness
dry leaves of autumn
rustling down
on old alley
and in the dead of night
I find myself
a blind man
in some ancient valley
I let the music speak
leading me gently
urging me like a lover
leading me all the way
into a place
where beauty will
defeat the darkest day

Where I'm one with
every grand illusion
no disturbance
no intrusion
where I let the
wistful sounds seduce me
I let them use me

Let it be a joke ...

Let it be the joy
of each new sunrise
or the moment
when a day dies
I surrender without
reservation
no explanations
no questions why
I take it to me
and let it flow
through me
yes, I let the
music speak
I let the music speak

ONE OF US 3.55
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

They passed me by
all of those great
romances
you were, I felt
robbing me
of my rightful chances
my picture clear
everything seemed so easy
and so I dealt
you the blow
one of us had to go
now it's different
I want you to know

One of us is crying
one of us is lying
in her lonely bed
staring at the ceiling
wishing she was
somewhere else instead
one of us is lonely
one of us is only
waiting for a call
sorry for herself
feeling stupid
feeling small
wishing she had
never left at all

I saw myself
as a concealed attraction
I felt you
kept me away
from the heat
and the action
just like a child
stubborn and misconceiving
that's how I
started the show
one of us had to go
now I've changed and
I want you to know

One of us is...

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE 3.36
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

He had what you might
call a trivial occupation
he cleaned the platforms
of the local railway station
with no romance
in his life
sometimes he wished
he had a wife
he read the matrimonial
advertising pages
the cries for help
from different people
different ages
but they had nothing to say
at least not until the day
when something
special he read
this is what it said

If you dream of
the girl for you
then call us and get two
for the price of one
we're the answer
if you feel blue
so call us and get two
for the price of one

He called the number
and a voice said
Alice Whiting
the voice was husky
and it sounded quite exciting
he was amazed
at his luck
the purest streak
of gold he'd struck
he said I read
your ad, it sounded
rather thrilling
I think a meeting
could be mutually
fulfilling
why don't we meet
for a chat
the three of us
in my flat
I can't forget
what I read
this is what it said

If you dream of...

She said I'm sure
we must be perfect
for each other
and if you doubt
it you'll be
certain when
you meet my mother

SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS 3.51
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

Schoolbag in hand
she leaves home
in the early morning
waving goodbye
with an absent-minded smile
I watch her go
with a surge of
that well-known sadness
and I have to sit down
for a while
the feeling that I'm
loosing her forever
and without really
entering her world
I'm glad whenever I
can share her laughter
that funny little girl

Slipping through my fingers
all the time
I try to capture
every minute
the feeling in it
slipping through my fingers
all the time
do I really see what's
in her mind
each time I think
I'm close to knowing
she keeps on growing
slipping through my fingers
all the time

Sleep in our eyes
her and me
at the breakfast table
barely awake I
let precious time go by
then when she's gone
there's that odd
melancholy feeling
and a sense of
guilt I can't deny
what happened to the
wonderful adventures
the places I had
planned for us to go
well some of that we did
but most we didn't
and why I just don't know

Slipping through my fingers...

Sometimes I wish
that I could freeze
the picture
and save it from
the funny tricks of time

Schoolbag in hand
she leaves home
in the early morning
waving goodbye
with an absent-minded smile

LIKE AN ANGEL PASSING THROUGH MY ROOM 3.25
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

Long awaited darkness falls
casting shadows on the walls
in the twilight hour
I am alone
sitting near the fireplace
dying embers warm my face
in this peaceful solitude
all the outside world subdued
everything comes back
to me again
in the gloom
like an angel passing through my room

Half awake and half in dreams
seeing long forgotten scenes
so the present runs
into the past
now and then become entwined
playing games within my mind
like the embers as they die
love was one prolonged good-bye
and it all comes back
to me tonight
in the gloom
like an angel passing through my room

I close my eyes
and my twilight
images go by
all too soon
like an angel passing through my room

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ONE OF US 3.0
(Benny A

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THROUGH MY ROOM 3.25
(Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus)

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